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THE
FALSE PATRIOT:

A SATYRICAL

EPISTLE

TO

William Pulteney, Esq;
K

On His being Created

*E^{ar}*l of *B^a*TH, &c.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. JOHNSON, near *Christ's-Hospital* in
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THE
FALSE PATRIOT.

A SATYRICAL
AND

EPIC

IN
FIVE

BOOKS
BY
H. B. H. H.
OF
H. B. H. H.



Printed for T. Agnew & Sons, Limited,
St. James's and Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.



THE
FALSE PATRIOT.



T A R S, Robes, and the vari-
ous colour'd Strings,

Stuck round their Puppets by
the Hands of K****,

May dress 'em out, and flame
about the Breast,

But shine in vain, unless by Worth impress.

Know *B—th* ! less Honours thy new Titles bear,

Than thy plain Virtue sometime since could share.

A R E

ARE then our Hopes, our long-fed Hopes destroy'd,
And fickle Freedom vanish'd e'er enjoy'd ?

Can he who stood the Barrier of our Right,
Sworn Foe to Rapine and oppressive Might ;

Who still prest foremost in the Patriot Race,
Now sink supine, and quit the Mid-Day Chace ?

Can he who loudest for Enquiry baul'd,
And broke ev'n Friendship's Ties when *Britain* call'd,
Like Honours with his hated Rival take,

And quit his Country for a Cor'net Sake ?

'Tis plain, Ambition was thy only Guide,

And all thy Virtue sprung from innate Pride :

Not

((78))

Not wav'ring *St. J—n*, to no Party true,
Cou'd have deceiv'd the People worse than you ;
Drawn in a String the Vulgar flock'd along,
Charm'd by the *Syren* Musick of your Tongue :
One constant Mask for Twenty Years you wore,
And ne'er appear'd in native Bronze before ;
Can so much Virtue seem from so much Vice,
And can a *Briton* so his Soul disguise ?

THE Modern Patriot thus we bring to View,
The Copy's just, the Original is You.
Nor just, nor honest ; valliant nor sincere ;
His Eloquence but Pique, his Brav'ry, Fear ;

No

((8))

No Love of Liberty inspires his Soul;
But of his Actions Malice guides the Whole;
Leaves Country Friends to plunge o'er Head and Ears
In Infamy, and shame the Badge he wears.

How inconsistent Man at sometimes is?
This Day he likes what t'other was amiss;
Did not Great P——y vow while Life endur'd,
No Rest he'd know 'till Britains Ills were cur'd;
But the Corruptor, and his Fraud pursue,
Thro' all Reserves and e'ery mazy Clue,
That no Obstruction shou'd his Spirit daunt,
When Britain, or his Pen, or Sword, shou'd want?

No

But

But urg'd too home his Frailty quits the Field,
 Inticements court him, and he needs must yield;
 He who the rougher Storms and Threats withstood,
 Is lost in Flattery's inveigling Flood.
 Proof against all Things but himself alone,
 What Force cou'd never do, Ambition's done:
 So the coy Nymph * the *artful Courtier* † gain'd,
 And one foul Step her former Triumphs stain'd;
 Delusive Charms when all his Swiftneſs fail'd,
 Seduc'd her Eyes, and o'er the Maid prevail'd:
 The last Attempt ſhe met her foul Diſgrace,
 And for a *Golden Apple* loſt the Race.

B

BLUSHING!

* Atalanta.

† Hippomenes.

(10)

BLUSHING! the Labours of thy Pen survey,
Hide them in Night; for the bright glaring Day,
Will point those Records of thy falling off,
Full in thy Face, and make thee all Mens Scoff:
When the warm Page with Love of Freedom glows,
And the true Patriot mourns his Country's Woes;
When stern Oppression with *Herculean* Force
He stems, and tracks the Torrent from its Source,
Who then cou'd ever doubt his honest Heart?
Now view the Change, and with Amazement start:
Sunk in Ambition, and the Love of Pelf,
Each Line starts up a Satire on Himself;

'Twas

(11)

'Twas all *State-Prudery* for ever nice,
You scorn'd to sin before you *had your Price*;
Your *Genius* dead long Time a Burial wants,
In which your Ghost the courtly Charon haunts;
Hov'ring between your Avarice and Pride,
You seem to shun, yet seek the other Side,
'Till plung'd in *B—th*, and mounting as from Styx,
You sing a *Palinode* of Politicks.

If thus Great G***** more E—ms should bestow,
All Men of Sense the Pageant will forego,
Think Cor'nets Rattles, and their Wearers worse,
Meer Babies mounted on a Hobby Horse,

Whence Whip and Spur they caper up and down,
 And v—be as Sugar Plumbs are to them thrown.

How must smooth *Fanny* smiler to behold
 His fell Antagonist with him enroll'd,
 Cringe in the venal Herd he scorn'd before,
 And rise an Earl to be a Man no more ;
 Receive Him O—F—D with a courteous Smile,
 Embrace the *Steady Patriot* of our Isle ;
 Tell Him your old Debates of *England's* Wrongs
 Were like the wrangling Bar, a War of Tongues ;
 When now the Cause is done, and both are safe,
 Shake Hands, and at your ruin'd Client laugh.

Was Fame thy End? How much more fair it stood,
 To be rever'd by All, as Just and Good:
 To see a Nation bend their Eyes to Thee,
 As the Palladium of their Liberty;
 But grasping now at more, the fleeting Shade,
 Mocks all thy Toil, and does thy Search evade:
 The Robe you wear is by th'Acceptance stain'd,
 You've lost the Honour, but the Title gain'd:
 So fond *Ixion*, when he *Juno* woo'd,
 Lost the bright Goddess in a wat'ry Cloud.
 O! yet be just, your dying Fame retrieve,
 Th'expiring Taper yet one Blaze may give;
 Pursue the Nation's Wish, be Rapine's Scourge,
 And the stern Cries of Justice strictly urge

That

That Strength of Reason which could Commons guide
 May snatch the Plund'rer from the Royal Side,
 Bare all his Guilt, and teach deluded Peers
 To calm an injur'd Peoples growing Fears:
 So shall fresh Honours still around thee wait,
 And rising Trophies speak thee truly great:
 So shall th'admiring World thy Conduct hail,
 And Truth o'er all Resentments shall prevail,
 Still Fame unsullied, shining bright and clear
 Shall Monuments of Praise unto thee rear;
 But if for passive, base Compliance giv'n,
 Thy Titles tinge thee with the cowardly Leav'n;
 If dazzl'd by the gaudy Trappings of a Throne
 You let triumphant Infamy go on,

(15)

To late Posterity thy Name despis'd
Shall in the Patriot Mark the Fiend disguis'd;
Curst but the more, the more thou didst excell,
As thy Copatriot Satan when he fell,
Rank'd first in *Heav'n* for that took Place in *Hell*.

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F I N I S.



(12)

To late Posterity thy Name bequeath'd

Shall in the Future Mark the Place assigned;

Call but the more, the more thou wilt excel;

As thy Copartner Satan when he fell,

Rank'd first in Heaven for that took Place in Hell.

F I N I S.

